



SPAWN®

HINE

HABERLIN

MCFARLANE



BAD BLOOD



ISSUE 182 DIGITAL EDITION

SPAWN.COM

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IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

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SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD MCFARLANE

DEDICATED TO:
RAYMOND BRIGGS

Previously in Spawn:

Al Simmons was a hit man for the US government until his C.O. Jason Wynn, betrayed him and a mysterious assassin ended Al's life. At the moment of death, Al was offered a deal by the demon Malebolgia and returned to Earth as Spawn, a creature with supernatural powers born in Hell.

As Armageddon consumed the world, Spawn turned against his masters, destroying all life on Earth. While God and Satan continue their endless conflict in a parallel universe, Spawn has re-created the world and resurrected the human race in what has become known as the White Light. The portals to Heaven and Hell are closed, leaving humanity free from the influence of angels and demons. Or so he believed...

After a reunion with his brother, Richard, Al's long-buried memories have re-surfaced. It seems that the mysterious Mammon has been manipulating Al Simmons since he was a child. When he returns to his parents' home, Al's father tells him that Mammon's influence stretches back even further. He gives Al the journal of his great grandfather, Henry Simmons, a journal that carries a dire warning for future generations. The Simmons bloodline is tainted and Al's mother has been in league with Mammon, since before his birth, marrying Al's father for the sole purpose of breeding this generation's Hellspawn.

As Mammon draws the threads of his plot together, Spawn is attacked by a Vrykolakas, the ancient precursor of the Vampire. It's bite infects him and Al falls into a fever dream, where he battles against the will of his increasingly powerful symbiotic costume. When the costume tries to force him to kill his beloved Wanda, Al is literally torn apart as he rejects the costume.

Now Al has arrived with Wanda on a mysterious island where he finds Cyan and the Wiccan, Nyx.

As Al announces that he is finally free of the costume's curse, the costume rises from the lake, looking for a new host.



no.

not
like
this.

THE SAME
THOUGHT
HAS RACED
REPEATEDLY
THROUGH
HER MIND.
PLAYING
OUT OVER
AND OVER
AGAIN.

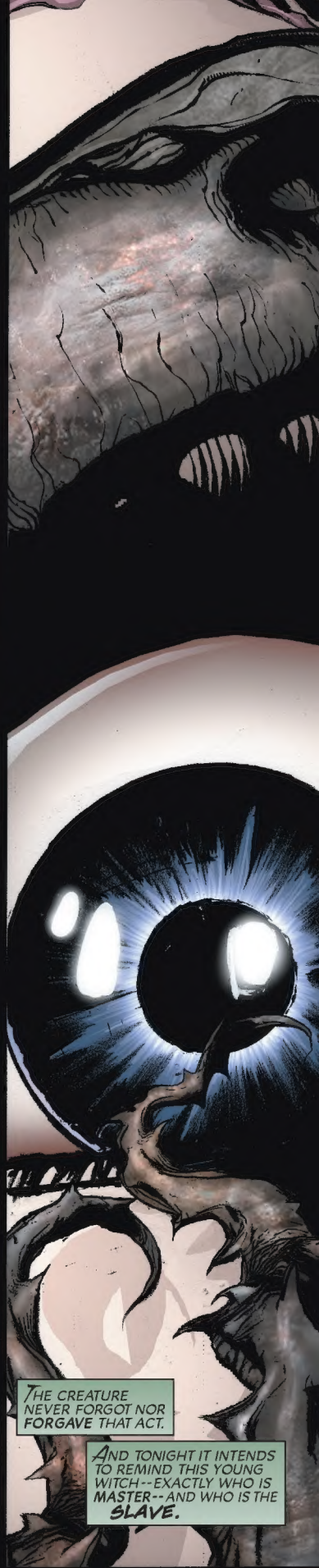
UNWARE--
SHE
WHISPERS
THE
THOUGHT
ALOUD.



SHE REMEMBERS,
NOT LONG AGO, WHEN
SHE ENSLAVED THIS
BLACK, MONSTEROUS
SYMBIOTE.*

STEALING IT
AWAY FROM
ITS CHOSEN
HOST--THE
HELLSPAWN.

*see issues 139-141



THE CREATURE
NEVER FORGOT NOR
FORGAVE THAT ACT.

AND TONIGHT IT INTENDS
TO REMIND THIS YOUNG
WITCH--EXACTLY WHO IS
MASTER--AND WHO IS THE
SLAVE.

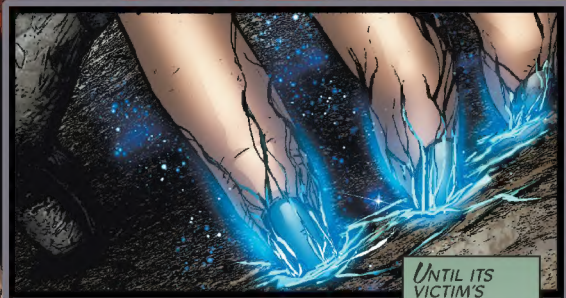


THE CHILD CALLS OUT, HOPING
HER GODESS WILL SOMEHOW
SAVE HER.

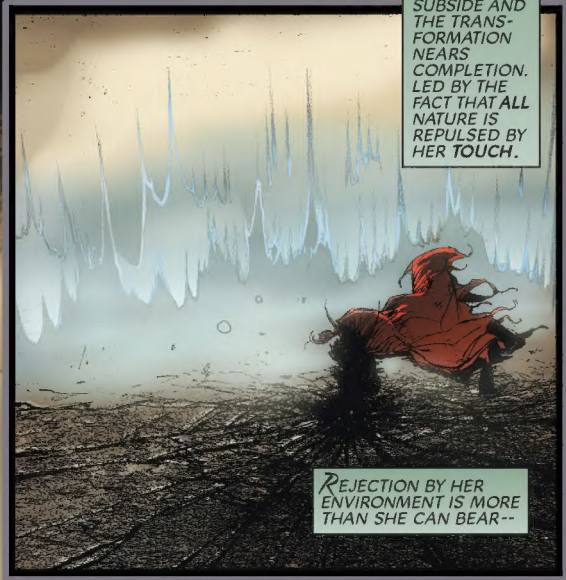
SILENCE IS ALL
SHE GETS BACK.



UNDERSTANDING THIS,
THE COSTUME TIGHTENS
ITS GRIP OVER THE GIRL'S
ENTIRE BODY, MELDING
AND RESHAPING ITSELF.



UNTIL ITS
DESPERATE
ATTEMPTS
SUBSIDE AND
THE TRANS-
FORMATION
NEARS
COMPLETION.
LED BY THE
FACT THAT ALL
NATURE IS
REPULSED BY
HER TOUCH.



REJECTION BY HER
ENVIRONMENT IS MORE
THAN SHE CAN BEAR--

--AND ONLY REINFORCES
HER REPETITIVE THOUGHT.

not like
this.

DO SOME-
THING!

SHE'S
SUFFOCATING!

IT'S
OKAY,
MOM. IT
WON'T BE
STAYING
LONG.

SHE'S
NOT THE
ONE.

PERHAPS
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

BUT
I STILL
HAVE TIME--
TO KILL
YOU.



THAT'S
ENOUGH!

THIS IS MY
TERRITORY!--


AND
YOU'LL GET
NOTHING
UNLESS I
ALLOW IT.



OR
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
WHO YOUR
MASTER
IS?

"I'M THE ONE
THAT GAVE YOU
YOUR CHANCE
AT FREEDOM!

"AWAY FROM
MALEBOLGIA'S
CESSPOOL.



"YOU'D
NEVER
HAVE
BONDED
TO
SIMMONS
WITHOUT
ME!"

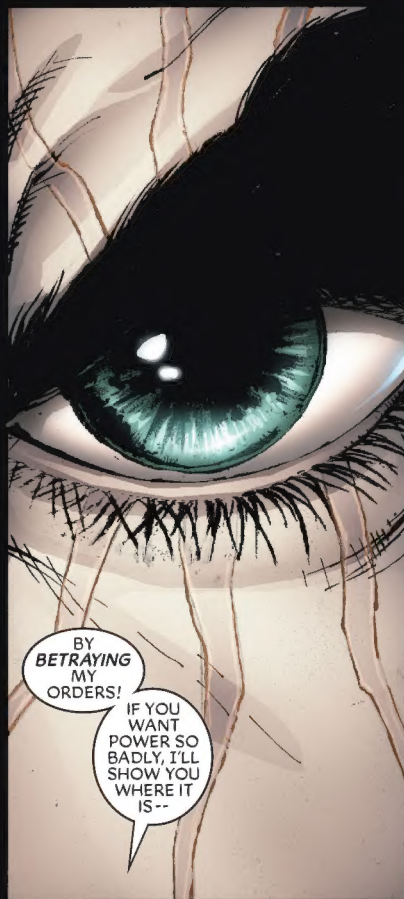
"I WAS THE ONE
WHISPERING IN
MALEBOLGIA'S EAR.
CONVINCING HIM
YOU WERE WORTHY
ENOUGH..."



...STRONG
ENOUGH--TO
ASSUME THE MANTLE
OF HELLSPAWN.

AND
THIS--

--THIS IS
HOW YOU
REPAY
ME?!



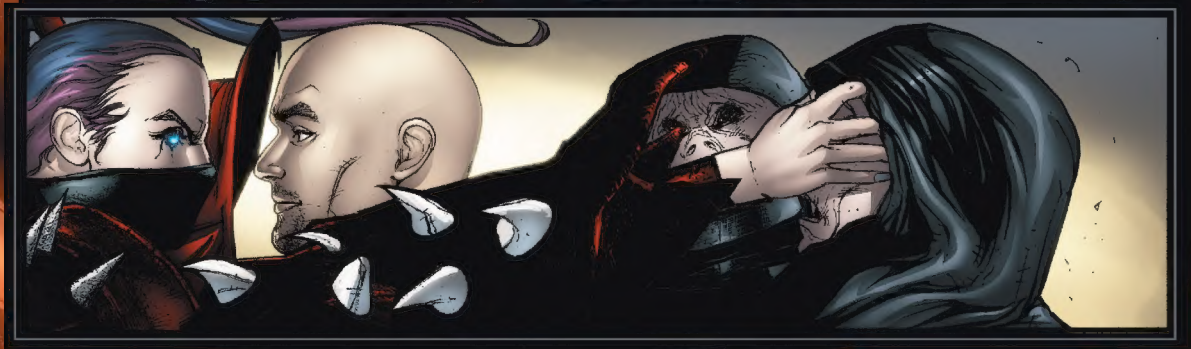
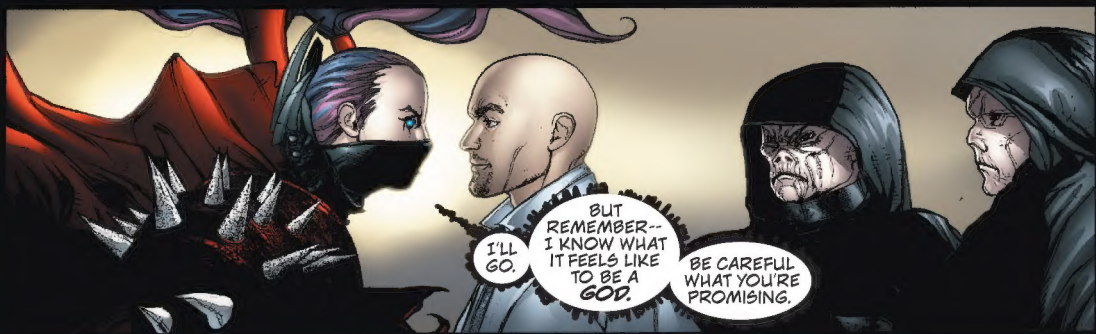
BY
BETRAYING
MY
ORDERS!

IF YOU
WANT
POWER SO
BADLY, I'LL
SHOW YOU
WHERE IT
IS--



...THERE.

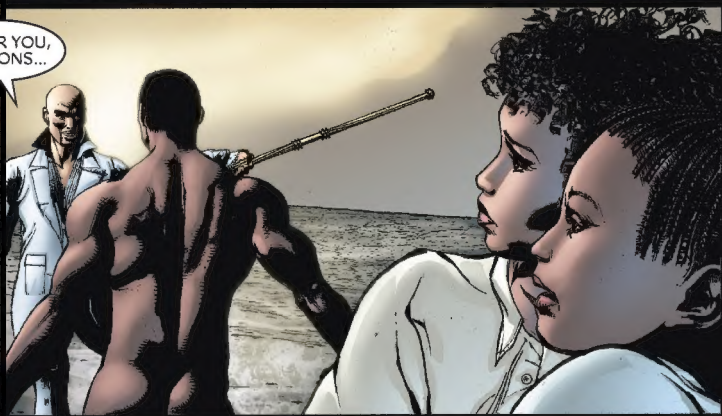
THAT'S
WHERE
YOU'LL FIND
REAL
POWER!



I'LL NOT BE MADE A FOOL.



AS FOR YOU, SIMMONS...



GET DRESSED.

YOU'RE ALL COMING WITH ME.



NO!

I'M NOT TAKING CYN ANYWHERE WITH HIM.

WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.

FOR NOW.





WHAT
IS THIS
PLACE?

IT'S
NOT A
PLACE.

IN HUMAN
MYTHOLOGY--
IT'S KNOWN AS
LIMBO.

SPAWN FEELS
THE WARMTH OF
WANDA'S FLESH.
HIS HUMAN HAND
NOW TOUCHING
HER BARE SKIN.

THOUGH HIS HEART
POUNDS WITH DESIRE, HE
CAN'T ERASE THE IMAGES
OF TWENTY MINUTES AGO.

IMAGES FILLED
WITH HATE AND
A THREAT TO
MURDER HER.*

*see last issue.

SCREAMS OF TORMENT
INTERRUPT HIS THOUGHTS.
THE CLEAR AND UNMIS-
TAKABLE SOUNDS ARE
HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.


SOUNDS OF
HUMAN TORTURE.

my god.
DO YOU
HEAR
THAT?

THAT
WOULD BE
MORANA...



...FEEDING.



THE SCREAMS
HAVE SUBSIDED.

IT IS
UPON
US.
YOUR TIME
OF
ECSTASY!

NOW THE VOICES
WAIL AND GURGLE
LIKE INFANTS-- BUT
NOT A WORD OF
HUMAN LANGUAGE.

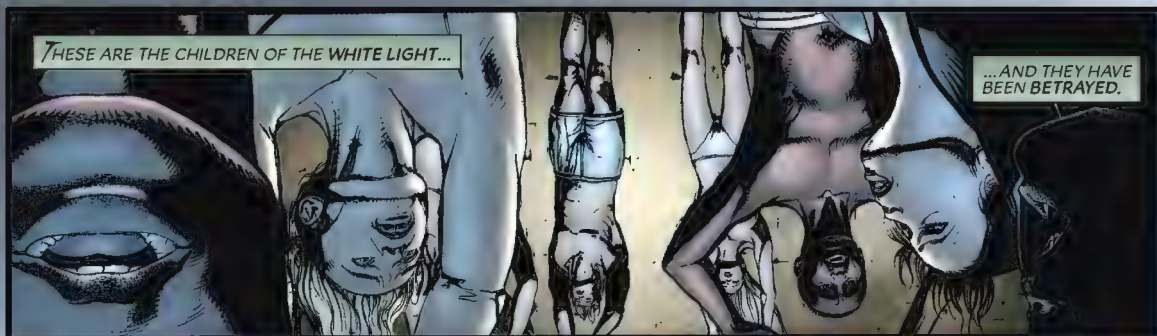
ARE YOU
READY
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS?

THEY CAN'T
ANSWER.

FOR
MORANA
HAS EATEN
THEIR
TONGUES.

ARE YOU
READY TO
BLEED
FOR ME?





THESE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE WHITE LIGHT...

... AND THEY HAVE BEEN BETRAYED.



WHILE MILLIONS TURNED AWAY FROM RELIGION AFTER ARMAGEDDON, THESE YOUNG PEOPLE FOUND THEIR FAITH RESTORED.

THEY PLEDGED TO KEEP THEIR BODIES PURE AS A SYMBOL OF THEIR LOVE FOR THEIR SAVIOR--

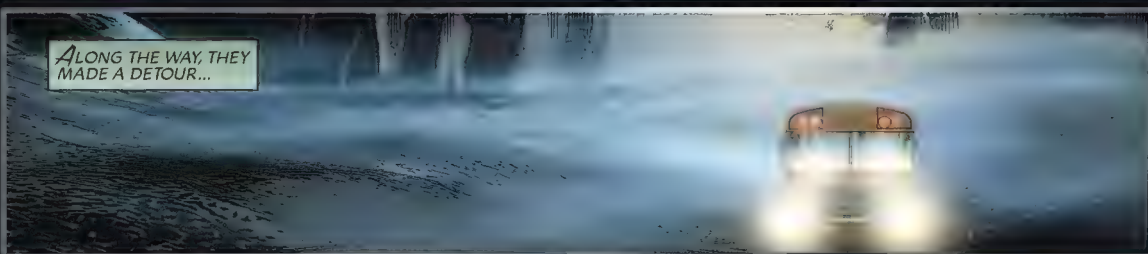


--THE ANGEL OF WHITE LIGHT.

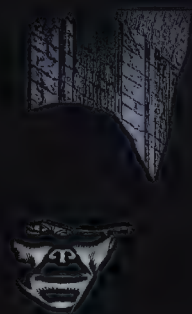


YESTERDAY THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT.

A WEEK-LONG RETREAT TO REAFFIRM THEIR COMMITMENT AND BELIEFS.



ALONG THE WAY, THEY MADE A DETOUR...



MORANA HAD THEM RECITE THEIR PLEDGE.

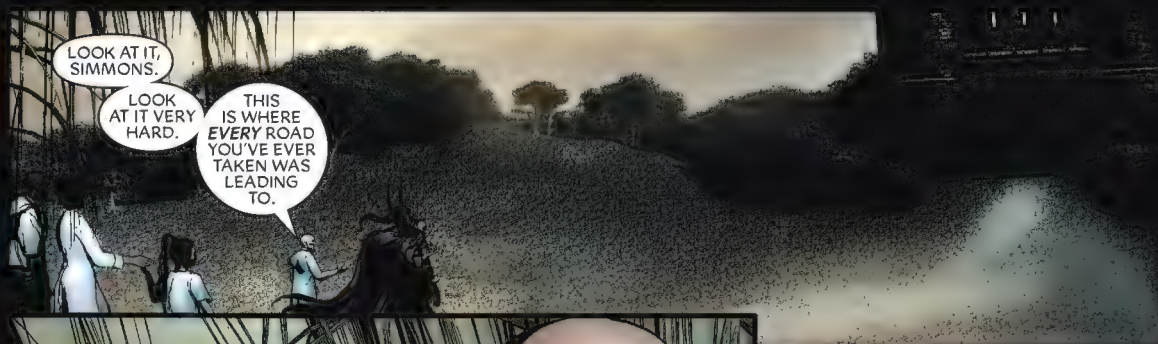
BECAUSE WE BELIEVE THAT THE SAVIOR
HAS A PLAN FOR OUR LIVES, WE CHOOSE
TO MAKE THIS CHOICE. WE COMMIT TO
REMAINING SEXUALLY PURE UNTIL
OUR WEDDING DAY.

WE COMMIT OUR BODIES AS A
LIVING SACRIFICE, HOLY AND
ACCEPTABLE UNTO OUR
LORD AND SAVIOR.

THEN SHE TORE
OUT EACH OF
THEIR TONGUES.







LOOK AT IT,
SIMMONS.

LOOK
AT IT VERY
HARD.

THIS
IS WHERE
EVERY ROAD
YOU'VE EVER
TAKEN WAS
LEADING
TO.



OH--
SURELY
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
TO SAY?

OR IS THE
CHANCE OF *FINALLY*
LEARNING THE TRUTH
TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO
COMPREHEND?



THAT'S
IT.

WE
CAN'T ALL
BE AS BRAVE
AS YOU.



HA HA
HA....!!

A TOUCH
OF SARCASM.
VERY WELL
DONE.

SO...

SINCE
YOU'RE IN
SUCH A
PLAYFUL
MOOD-- LET
ME ENLIGHTEN
YOU WITH A
STORY.



"IT BEGAN
WHEN I
WAS STILL
AN ANGEL
BEFORE
THE START
OF HUMAN
HISTORY."

"I JOINED
THE
UPRISING
AGAINST
GOD--
BUT DIDN'T
SHARE THE
SAME FATE
AS THE
OTHER
FALLEN
ANGELS..."

"...THE
ONES WHO
BECAME THE
FORGOTTEN."

"NO..."

"I FELL MUCH FARTHER
AND AS I FELL, MY
WINGS WERE BURNED
FROM MY BACK."

"I DESCENDED TO
THE DEEPEST
DEPTHS OF HELL..."

"...THERE, I OFFERED
MY SERVICES TO
MALEBOLGIA."

"FOR CENTURIES I WALKED THE EARTH LEARNING SORCERY,
DIVINATION AND ALCHEMY. THOSE 'ARCANE ARTS' SHOWED
ME THAT-- UNDER MY GUIDANCE-- THE HUMAN RACE COULD
BE THE GREATEST OF ALL CREATION."

"I SEARCHED
FOR WARRIORS
TO SERVE AS
LEADERS OF
HELL'S
LEGIONS."

"YET I KNEW
THERE'D
COME A DAY
WHEN ONE
OF THOSE
HELLSPAWN
WOULD BE
BOLD
ENOUGH TO
OPPOSE HIS
MASTER."

"TO LEAD
MANKIND
FROM THE
TYRANNY
OF SATAN
AND GOD,
AND TO ITS
DESTINY."

"I DID NOT
FIND WHAT
I WAS
LOOKING
FOR UNTIL
I MET YOUR
ANCESTOR,
HENRY
SIMMONS"

"THERE WAS
SOMETHING
SPECIAL
ABOUT HIM."

"I REALIZED, THOUGH, MY PATH WASN'T TO
FIND THE RIGHT WARRIOR-- BUT TO CREATE
HIM, TO BREED HIM."

"I MADE YOU WHAT YOU
WERE. TRAINING YOU TO
PERFORM MY WILL."

"WHEN
YOU KILLED
MALEBOLGIA,
YOU DID IT
FOR ME."

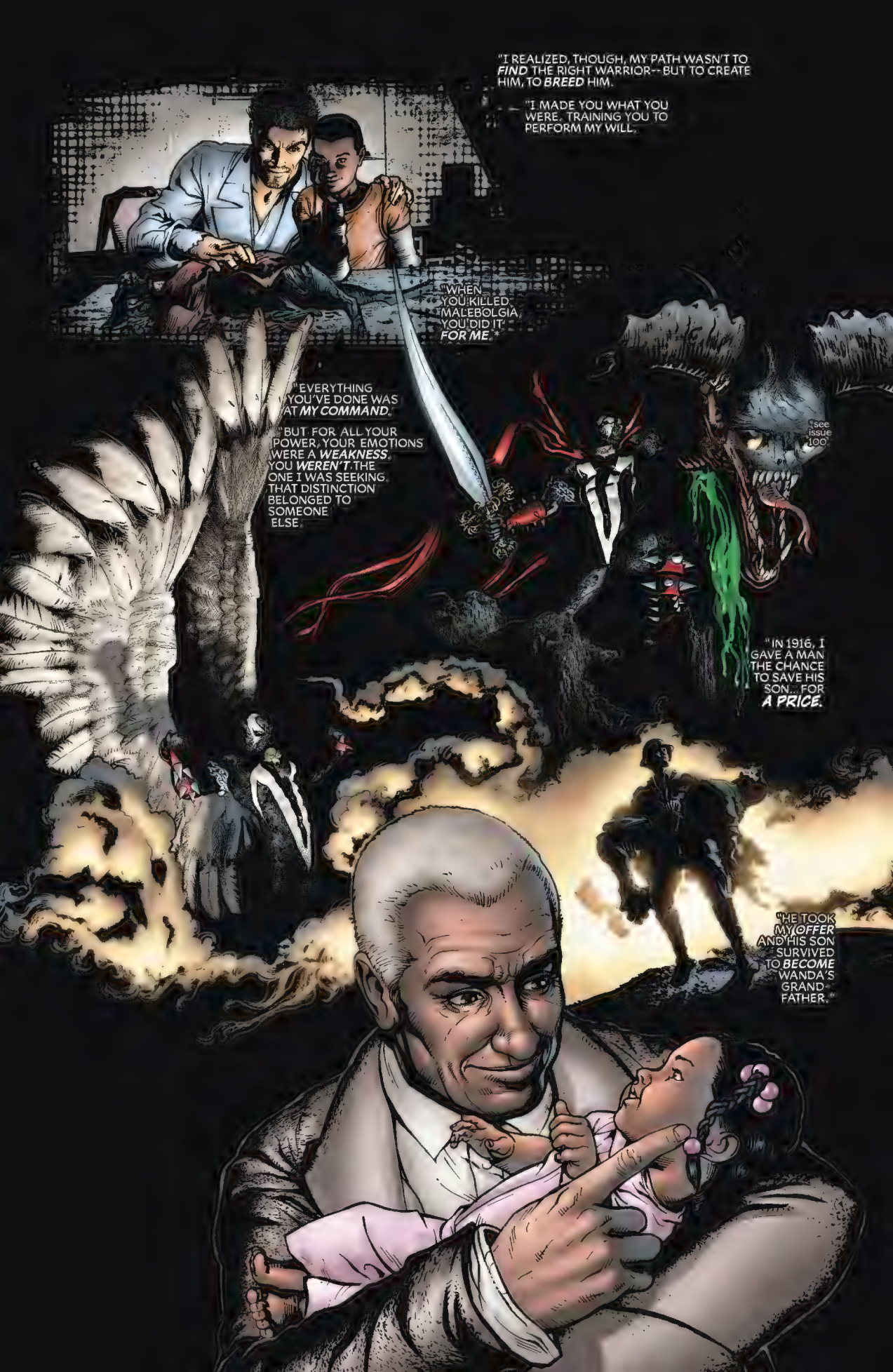
"EVERYTHING
YOU'VE DONE WAS
AT MY COMMAND."

"BUT FOR ALL YOUR
POWER, YOUR EMOTIONS
WERE A WEAKNESS.
YOU WEREN'T THE
ONE I WAS SEEKING.
THAT DISTINCTION
BELONGED TO
SOMEONE
ELSE."

"IN 1916, I
GAVE A MAN
THE CHANCE
TO SAVE HIS
SON... FOR
A PRICE."

"HE TOOK
MY OFFER
AND HIS SON
SURVIVED
TO BECOME
WANDA'S
GRAND-
FATHER."

"see
issue
100"





THAT'S A
LIE!

MY GREAT
GRANDFATHER
WAS KILLED
BY THE
GERMANS.

NO,
WANDA.

I
KILLED
HIM.

THEN
RESURRECTED
HIM AS A
HELLSPAWN.



YEARS LATER,
I BROUGHT YOU
AND **SIMMONS**
TOGETHER.

YOUR
MARRIAGE
WAS PRE-
ORDAINED.



ENOUGH!!

I'VE
HEARD
ENOUGH
OF--

MY
WHAT--?!

MY
LIES?



IS THAT
WHAT YOU
THINK THIS IS
ABOUT?

YOU WERE
NOT THE END
OF MY PLANS. YOU
WERE BUT THE
MEANS...

TWO
BLOODLINES,
JOINED TO CREATE
MY **PERFECT**
COMPANION. THE
ONE WHO'LL
RULE
THIS WORLD.



THAT'S
CRAZY.

YOU'RE
TALKING LIKE
WE HAD A CHILD.
THAT NEVER
HAPPENED.

no?



NO!
I
MISCARRIED
THE BABY.

WHEN?
AFTER HE
HIT YOU?

WHO
DO YOU THINK
MADE HIM DO
THAT?

I LOVE
YOU SO
MUCH.

HE
WANTED
YOUR
CHILD!

BUT THAT
VOICE, THAT
HE'D HEARD ALL
HIS LIFE--

THAT
DARK
WHISPER IN
HIS MIND
TOLD HIM
TO

ACT!



THAT
CAN'T
BE.

OH,
BUT IT
CAN.*

*see issue 164.



AND IF
NOT THEN
HE JUST DID
IT OUT OF
SPITE.

EITHER
WAY--IT DOESN'T
MATTER.

WHAT
DOES IS
THAT HE
DID HIT
YOU.

"HE REGRETTED IT-- OF COURSE.

"TOOK YOU TO THE HOSPITAL. SAT
WEEPING WHILE YOU WENT THROUGH
YOUR MISCARRIAGE.

"HIS GUILT WAS SO
GREAT WHEN HE BECAME
SPAWN, HE BLOTTED IT
FROM HIS MIND.

"SO DID YOU.

"BECAUSE YOU WERE
SEDATED YOU CAN'T
REMEMBER."

"REMEMBER
WHAT?"

"THAT I
WAS
THERE!"

"EXACTLY
EIGHTEEN
YEARS AGO
TODAY.

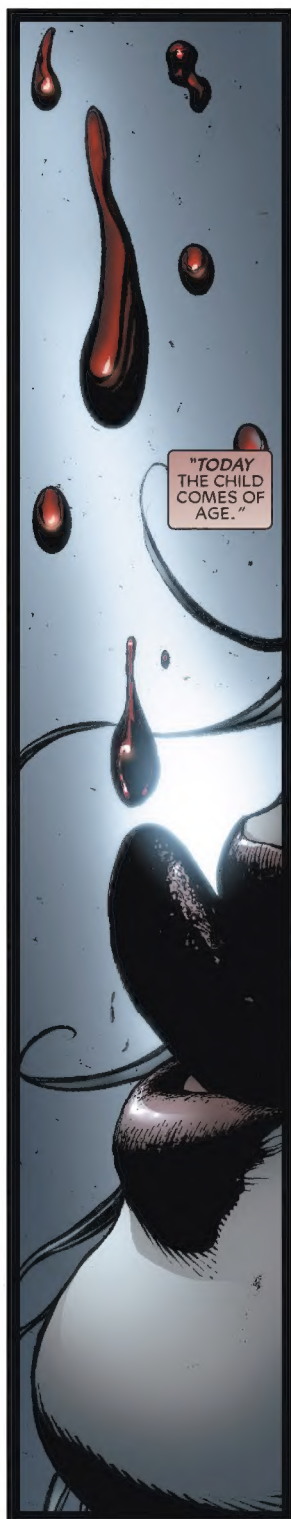
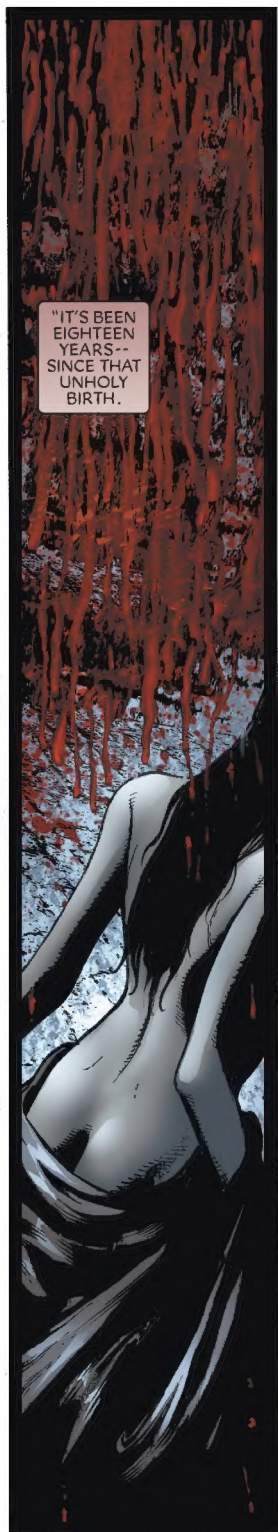
"WHEN YOUR
CHILD WAS BORN
INTO THE WORLD...

"...ALIVE!"

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

My
god...
please.

What're
you telling
me...?



"YOUR
DAUGHTER,
MORANA."





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE